VOL. 42 NO. 1059 FEBRUARY 1 1902 PRICE 10 CENTS

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MEND THE LINK
FARMING SHIPPING MANUFACTURING
"We must have more ships."—McKinley.

Judge

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"We must have more ships."—McKinley.

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A BRAW LADDIE.

Andrew Carnegie makes all the other millionaires look like "thirty cents."

Judge

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT THE JUDGE BUILDING,
110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Terms to Subscribers.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers - - $5.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers - 2.50
One copy, for thirteen weeks - - - - 1.25
Including the CHRISTMAS JUDGE.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the postal union, $6.00 a year.

WESTERN OFFICE—*Henry Bright, manager, Boyce Building, Chicago.*
EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS—*International news company, Bream's building, Chancery lane, E. C., London, Brentano's, avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's news exchange, Mainz, Germany.*

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BLOODLESS SURGERY is said to be the latest scientific discovery. After a while, though, we may have bloodless blood-poisoning.

* * *

THE doggie walks on his hinder feet
And then on his fore feet free—
From one to the other with smiles most sweet
He changes incessant-lee.

Like a walking-beam this bow-wow bold
Proceeds with beautiful form—
While his feet on the snow are waxing cold
His feet in the air wax warm.

* * *

A BILL has just been introduced into the New York legislature for the destruction of the daisy, which has been declared to be a noxious weed. This bit of news will doubtless disturb the tender sensibilities of the æsthetic poet who regards it as sacrilegious for the cow to be allowed to transform this field-flower into milk. It would be still better if Assemblyman Legget could introduce a bill for the suppression of the daisy in latter-day verse, where it has been flourishing not wisely, but too well, for many, many moons. And he might, if it is his intention to destroy noxious weeds, direct his attention to the tobaccoless cigars that are sufficiently rank to kill all the microbes in the smoker in a puff.

THE snow-flake 's pirouetting
About the garden-tree;
The air 's as white as silver,
The small boy 's full of glee.

He doesn't dream that shortly,
Aglow with finest wrath,
He'll have to sweep and shovel
The snow-drifts off the path.

* * *

THE ICE TRUST refuses to be frozen out of business during the refrigerated term, and has consequently warmed up and widened its field of usefulness by embarking in the enterprise of selling coal. The suave autocrat who swung the tongs airily about during the dog-days will substitute the shovel and yet be quite as haughty and picturesque in all the rampant attitudes he assumed in the performance of his summer duties. He will sell coal on the street and weigh it in the presence of the consumer. In a mixed climate like this no other combination business should be more lucrative than that of coal and ice, for when we do not want one we are pretty sure to be in need of the other. We wish the combination every success, and trust that its promoters may enjoy the unusual prestige of being known as ice-coal barons, and also that their craft of commerce may sail only on cold waves during the winter and hot waves throughout the summer; also that the cold may contract their expenses and the heat expand their profits, as well as their sphere of general usefulness.

* * *

IT HAS BEEN accidentally discovered by a woman living just outside of Philadelphia that the ordinary land-tortoise that dreams among the daisies is a much better and more reliable mouser than is the old-fashioned house-cat. While the cat springs for its quarry, after the manner of the rural tax-collector, the tortoise sits sphinx-like on the floor, with its feet folded calmly within the envelope which will some day be buttons, knife-handles and combs, and waits for the mouse to appear upon the scene. When the cat springs she not infrequently lights upon the spot where the mouse was before it side-stepped. The turtle does not spring, but merely peels its optic and fixes it on its intended victim, that circles about under the hypnotic influence until it finally drifts into the jaws that await it. A new premium has thus been placed upon the field-tortoise; and when it is realized that it is at once, so to speak, soup, soap, paper-cutter and mouse-trap, it must become apparent that this shell-bound roamer of the daisied dells is also a domestic animal of no small importance. As such it should be encouraged and developed to the end that the house may become mouseless and the mouse houseless. Then might the ancient adage be changed to "When the turtle 's away the mice may play." But the turtle would not be away; it would be on deck gathering flies from the petals of the rose-geranium in the tomato-can until fate should gather its shell to be utilized as a sugar-scoop.

A PARALYZING PROVISO.

MRS. GOODE—"Will you have some turkey?"
FASTIDIOUS PARTY—"Well, yes, lady, pervided dat de fowl wuz a boney fide York state bird. Me physician giv me strict orders to draw de line at dese cold-storage western turkeys."

A FINISHED MUSICIAN.

EMBARRASSMENT.

"MY DARLING," he said, then she dropped her eyes
And blushed with her eyes on the carpet.
He picked them up, with an air of surprise
"If lost you would surely remark it."

She quickly looked up, then her bright face fell
With a sickening thud on the floor.
She mended it neatly and no one could tell
It had ever been broken before.

N. C. B.

TIME TO REFORM.

Handout Harry—"De lady axed me wuz I a artist."

Tiepass Teddy—"Dat settles it, Harry. Yer'll hafter git a hair-cut."

SO APROPOS!

Dr. Smiley (who has been presented with a fountain-pen by his Sunday-school class)—"Thank you, my dear young ladies; I am sure I shall be able to write a great deal better sermons now."

Feminine chorus—"Oh, I am sure you will."

MR. BASS—"You are superstitious, Miss Perch!"
MISS PERCH—"I always think Friday a very unlucky day for us."

CREATING AN IMPRESSION.

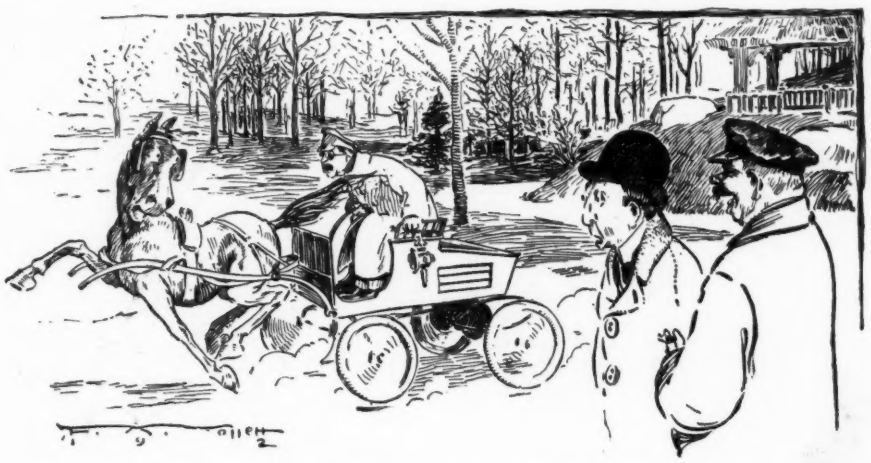
Dickie—"Cholly Harduppe has hit on a great scheme."

Archie—"What is it?"

Dickie—"He puts gasolene on his handkerchief, rubs a spot or two of axle-grease on his hands, and everybody thinks he owns an automobile!"

THEORIES.

THEORIES, like gunpowder, are often most useful when exploded.



'Crazy? Not a bit. You see, he paid six hundred and fifty dollars for the horse. Man said he could trot in two-twelve. Mebbe he could, but he wouldn't. Jones is merely gettin' his money's worth. Guess he's goin' about two-five now."

CHEERFUL NORAH.

"WELL, mum," said Norah, cheerfully, as she gazed at the bottle of ink she had dropped on the rug, "sure it'll be but shmall loss to yez, for I heard yez say th' other day it wor an *ould* rug."

A MATTER OF CONTRAST.

"Give an example of how heat expands and cold contracts."

"In the summer the days are long; in the winter they are short."

ON LOVE'S LINKS.
"So he is engaged to Miss Golfer, is he?"
"Yes. He has agreed to be her caddy for life."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ELLA SNYDER.

Against the lovely background of the Beauty in her dream
The Beast looks e'en more ugly with his optics all agleam;
And if he were away from her, with rapture much decreased,
He'd look a bit more beautiful and not so much a Beast.

The Beast is not the background of the Beauty as she shines,
With all her wealth of airy curves and loveliness of lines,
Because a background is the thing the Beauty doesn't need
Who blossoms like a June rose with the graces of a reed.

'Tis when we see the Beauty and the Beast in full array
We want to kill the Beast and bear the Beauty far away:
And if we cannot do this thing, to say the very least
We kind o' sort o' fancy we would like to be the Beast.

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

DEEP love, like deep water, is still.

If you would have a lover follow, keep running.

Some sentiments thrive on disappointments.

The tragedy of lost love is that nothing can fill the void it leaves.

To have the world virtuous, women should be homely or men blind.

Women are sincere only in love. It is an absolute cure for coquetry.

If love never caught up with the object pursued happiness would never die.

The winning of a ove greatly desired is often the cause of infinite sorrow.

Only the young and inexperienced speak of platonic affection. The old know better.

A woman objects to seriousness in a man except when she herself is fatigued by over-gayety.

To a woman there is no pleasure in life equal to reversing the opinion of a man she knows dislikes her. VADA AGNEW.

WELL PUT UP.

"Isn't she well preserved?"
"Yes, considering the 'jars' she's been in."

THE BARGAIN SPIRIT.

He (desperately)—"I have proposed to you fifteen times. This is the last, and, in the words of the auctioneer, 'Going at two dollars! Going, *going!* Who'll make it two-fifty?"

She (involuntarily)—"Oh, George! if you will make it 'two-forty-eight' I'll say yes."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

MR. PUG (*lost in the woods*)—"Gee! if there isn't our parlor-rug. I'll bet he's lost, too."

A DISTINCTION.

Mr. O'Grady (reading paper)—"Oi see here, Bridget, thot a mon fell fifteen shtories down an elevator shaft."

Mrs. O'Grady—"Oh, the poor mon! Did he die?"

Mr. O'Grady—"Naw! Oi guess he didn't hov toime. The paper sez he wor kilt inshtantly."

MODUS OPERANDI.

Ted—"You can believe only half what a girl says."

Ned—"Sure; but which half?"

Ted—"The half you don't believe when she's saying it."

REUBEN'S CONCLUSION.

Naught to do but smoke and play
Checkers all the livelong day.
Makes me think that winter, white,
Beats the summer out of sight.

AMERICA'S STATUS.

"ENGLAND," said the gentleman who was leaving a well-defined trail of h's in the wake of his remarks, "is the mother country."

"That may all be true," interrupted the gentleman with the chin-whiskers, "but America is the father-in-law country all right enough."

HE WAS BETTER OFF WITHOUT IT.

Hewitt—"Gruet is a very polite fellow. I asked him if he would have a cigar and he said he would. I found I didn't have one, but he thanked me just the same."

Jewett—"He ought to have thanked you more."

A FRIEND IN DISGUISE.

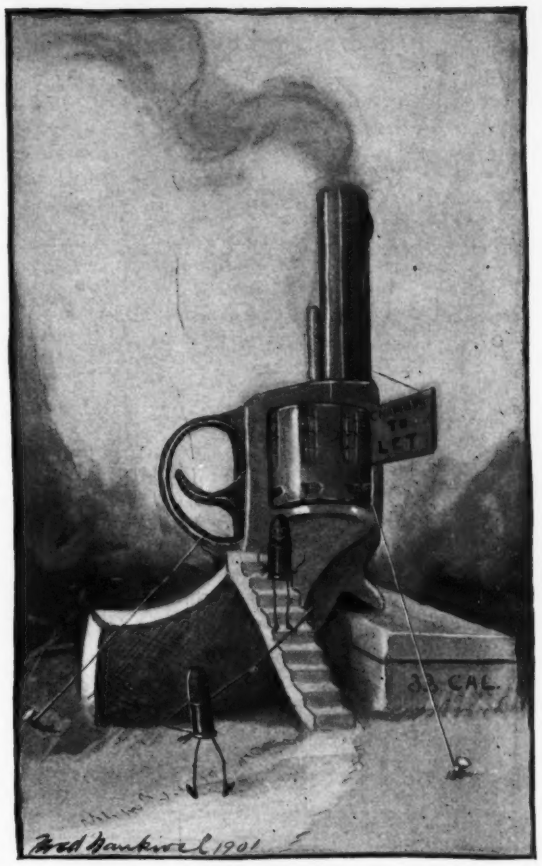
Giles—"Do you think her father influenced her to marry you?"

Bjones—"Unquestionably. She would never listen to me until he forbade my calling on her."

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

Mr. O'Toole (entering doctor's office)—"Shure, docther, Oi think Oi hov appindicitis."

Dr. Smith—"Nonsense, man! You haven't money enough for that."



FIRED.

FIRST CARTRIDGE—"I see you have a sign out, 'Chamber to let.' I thought the chambers were all filled."

SECOND CARTRIDGE—"They were filled, but I fired the fellow in that one."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

BLEEKER—"So you got nothing for your birthday? How was that?"

BAXTER—"Why, it was my own carelessness. I spent every cent I could spare to give my wife presents for her birthday."

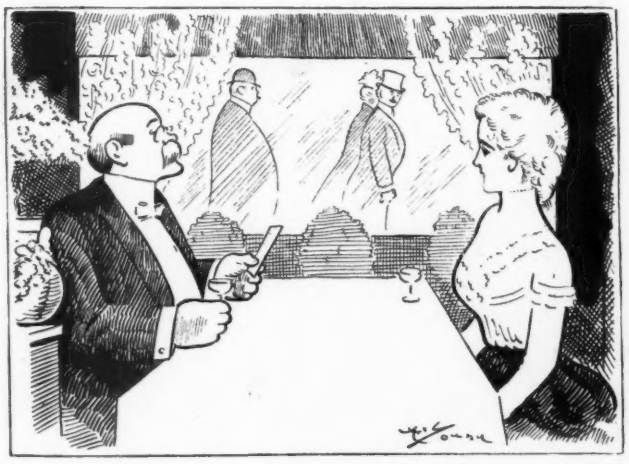
A MATTER OF COLOR.

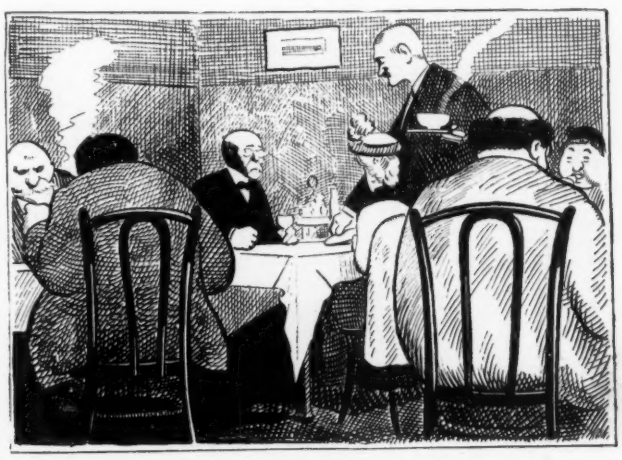
CHROMATOPSEUDOPSIS is the medical term for color-blindness, and statistics show that men are much more chromatopseudopsically inclined than women. The man invariably succumbs to chromatopseudoptitude when he tries to match a ribbon.

A CASH TRANSACTION.

Miss Rocksey—"Oh, papa! when the count asked your consent did you grow sentimental and tell him that I was all you had left?"

Old Rocksey—"No, my dear. If that was the case I guess he wouldn't have wanted you."





VANITY HAS ITS WAY.

Ever notice that some people always select a table near a front window when they patronize a fashionable restaurant——

——but "go away back" when they dine at a cheap place?

THROWN TOGETHER.

Egbert—"Know her?"

Filbert—"Yes."

Egbert—"Quite well?"

Filbert—"We were thrown together from the same automobile."

NOTHING NEEDED.

Passer-by (as drunken man collides with him)—"What do you want?"

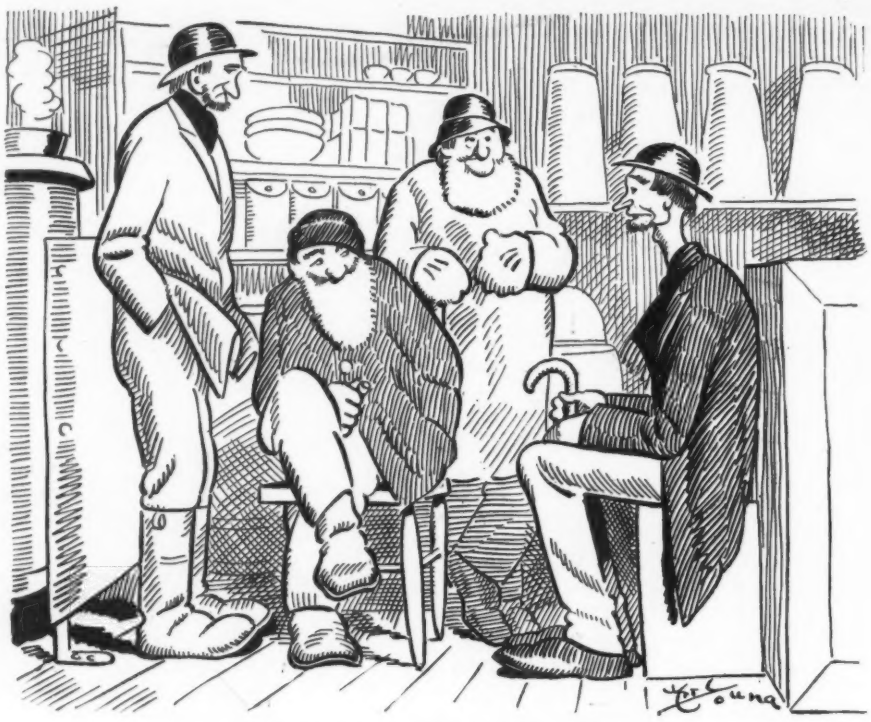
Tippler—"Nothing. I've got all I can carry now!"

A PROOF.

First actor—"They are not all vegetarians in front."

Second actor—"What do you mean?"

First actor—"They are throwing cats as well as cabbages."



NOT IN THE RUBBER COMBINATION.

UNCLE JOSH NECKER—"It does beat all what a lot of fellers they be sellin' rubber bizness down to the city. Couldn't walk a block 'thout hearin' 'em shout 'Rubber!' at me."

APPETIZING.

Bridget—"Will yez plaze write out the grocery ordher, mum?"

Mistress—"Well, what do you need?"

Bridget—"Starch, an' soap, an' clo'es pins, an' stove polish, an' kerosene ile, an' matches, an' a broom, an' two lamp chimblys, mum."

THE TEST.

OH, THAT'S a very poor painting," exclaimed Aunt Sue, at the art gallery.

Eagerly we asked how she knew, for no one believed Aunt Sue to be an art critic.

"The signature of the artist is so small," she replied, convincingly.

TALKED TOO MUCH.

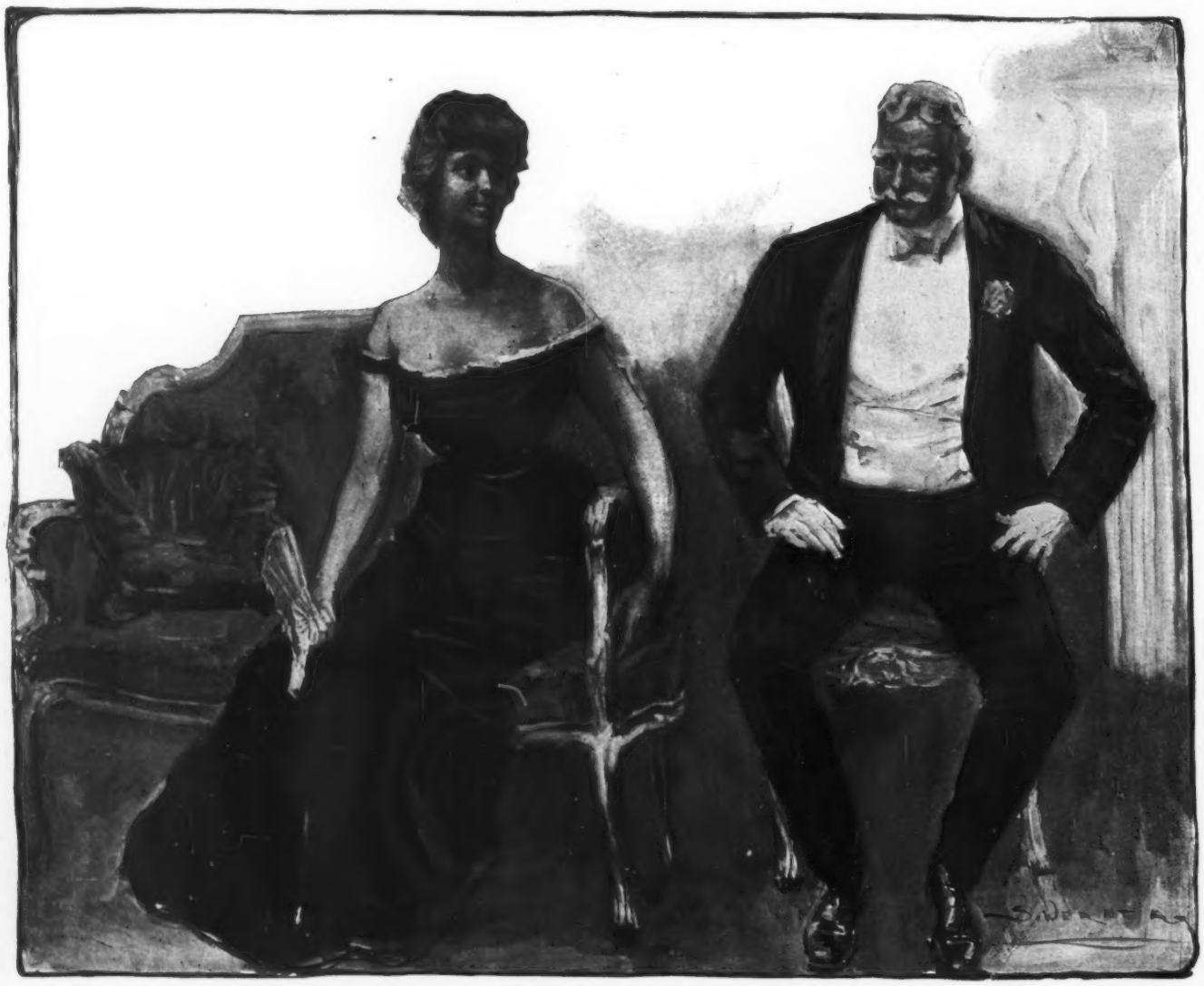
Husband—"What makes you so hoarse, my dear?"

Wife—"I attended a meeting of our whist club this afternoon."

WILLING HE SHOULD PAY IT.

Mrs. Benham—"The doctor says that you will soon be another man."

Benham—"All right; tell him to send his bill to that other man."



THE USUAL WAY.

GLADYS—"So you really tried Monte Carlo? What luck?"

LORD SPORT—Awful! I lost every bet I made and won every bet I didn't!"

IS IT ALWAYS SEALS THAT THE ESQUIMAU WAITS FOR SO PATIENTLY?

RECKLESS ADORATION.

THE fair young actress stood where the spotlight could get the best effect on her make-up.

In the curtained recesses of the stage-box sat her adorer.

He held a package in his hands.

He held another package—but let that pass.

While the rolling applause swept through the theatre and the fair young actress bowed her acknowledgments he was seen to raise his arm and hurl the package to the stage. The wrappings came off during its flight and the contents were scattered from footlights to back drop.

Clump! Bump! Thumpety-thump!

They rattled here and there over the floor of the stage.

The calcium-light man turned on more power and brought them into full view.

A gasp of amazement went up from the audience.

"Potatoes!" shrieked the people, incredulously.

True enough, they were potatoes.

Knowing the retail price of the tubers, those swains who had brought American Beauty roses and diamonds and jewels rare to throw at the feet of the diva crammed their offerings tightly under their coats and sped silently from the theatre.

For it was, indeed, useless to attempt to cope with this Monte Cristo who threw potatoes around as if they were koh-i-noors.

W. D. NESBIT.

THE RIGHT BIRD FOR IT.
THE ROOSTER—"Gimme a cocktail!"

THE EFFECT.
MRS. GROGAN—"And phat's th' matter wid th' Dooley homstid?"
MRS. HOGAN—"Shure, Mrs. Dooley tuk away her hoosband's latch-key."

POSSIBLY.

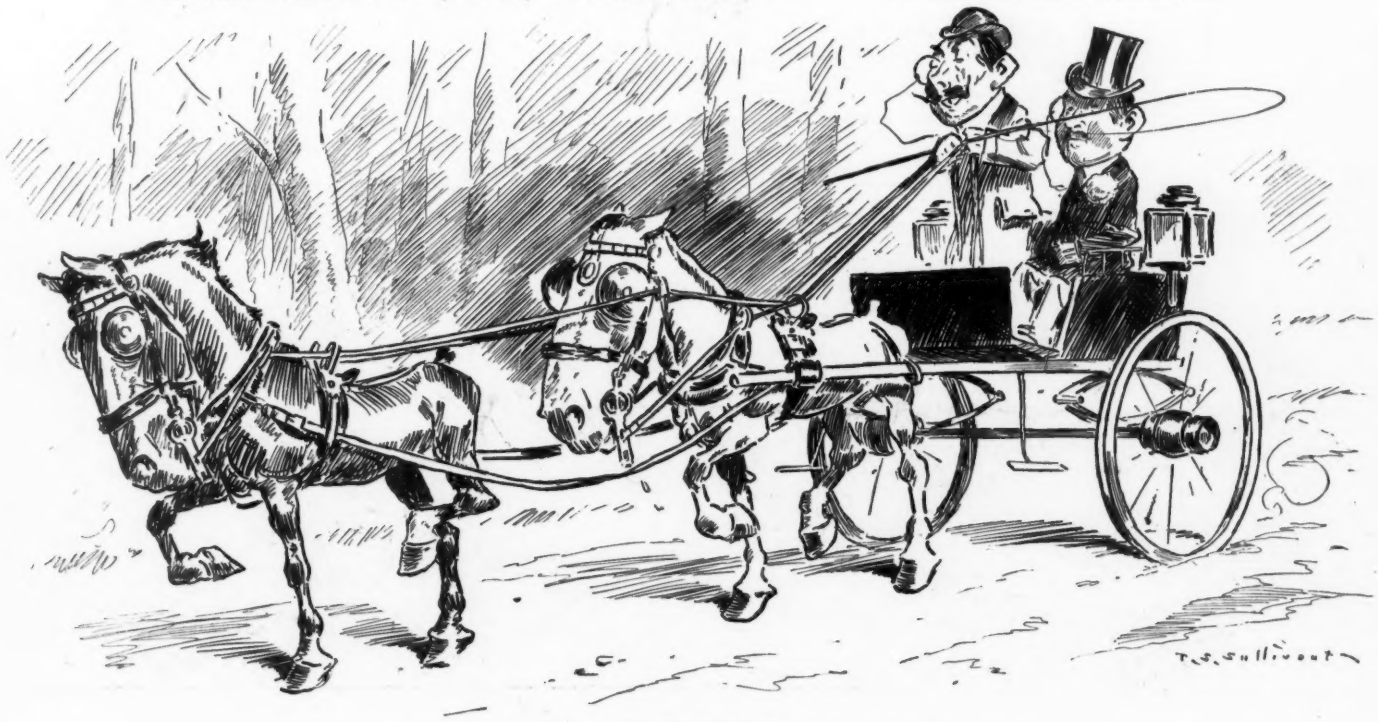
First farmer—"Them horses o' yourn don't seem to like work very much."

Second farmer—"No; I s'pose they're wonderin' why everybody don't use steam-plows.

AN INDUCEMENT.

Wife—"Oh, what a lovely valentine! Were you going to give it to me?"

Husband—"No, my dear; that's for the cook. I'm afraid she thinks of leaving us."



HIS FAILING.
HAROLD—"They say Bob Mainchance is going to take old man Gotrox's daughter from him."
RUPERT—"Yes. He's willing to take anything from a man that's got money."

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A NEW COP ON

Rube Knickerbocker will never be rob bed ag

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Ptg. Co. New York.

COP ON THE BEAT.

r be robbed again while Policeman Low is on duty.

ICE-CUTTERS IN BUGVILLE.

Bugs—"Gee! just when we're trying to make ice somebody has to come and pour hot water all over our lake."

HE IS.

Will Lingtoo (reflectively)—"I tell you, a man has got to take a good deal on trust, in this world."

Elbo Zonte (gloomily)—"Got to? He's good and lucky if he can get it."

IN AGES TO COME.

"THOSE old mound-builders were a funny lot of people," the youth remarked.

"In a thousand years hence," declared the archæologist, "irresponsible boys will be making similar light remarks about the extinct tunnel-diggers of New York."

UNFORTUNATE.

Bramble—"Poor fellow! He's a deaf-mute, isn't he?"

Thorne—"Yes, but that isn't the worst of it. He stutters."

Bramble—"Stutters? How can that be?"

Thorne—"Easy enough. He's got St. Vitus's dance."

JUDGE'S FASHION HINT.

To make the latest style veil, take a plain veil and apply corn-plasters.

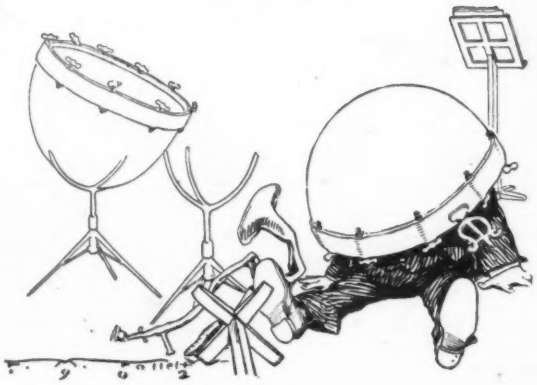
HOW THEY PLAYED THE OPERA.

2.
Br-r-r-r-rhoomppp!

1.
"Te-teedle-eedle-um-tum!

3.
Pr-r-r-rhuggg!

4.
Zoom!—Bling!—Zump!—Punk!



5.
Götterdämmerung."

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

Civil-service examiner (very sternly to Erastus Smith, colored, who aspires to the office of mail-carrier)—"How far is it from the earth to the moon?"

Erastus (in terror)—"Golly, boss! ef yo's gwine to put me on dat route I don't want de job."

FAVORABLE CONDITIONS.

Parson Primrose—"In what way is it embarrassing for you to go to church with your husband?"

Mrs. Cobwigger—"He has a habit of talking in his sleep."

A GOOD EXCUSE.

First deaf-mute—"You get twisted in your talk."

Second deaf-mute—"That's because my fingers are crooked."

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

Mrs. Dooley—"Sure, an' yer baby never cries at all, at all."

Mrs. Rooney—"No; we jist blows th' whistle an' he shtops to wanst."

ANOTHER KIND OF ATLAS.

Amy—"Any one would think you had the earth on your shoulders."

Fred—"Would that I had, that I might lay the world at your feet."

PARTING WORDS.

He—"It is only a quiet little game."

She—"What do you mean by a quiet game?"

He—"Oh, one in which money does nearly all the talking."

THE GREAT UNSATISFIED.

The men who are not satisfied
Are they who set the pace—
The men who do not meet defeat
With calm, contented face;
The men who labor on and on
With minds and fingers skilled—
They are the great unsatisfied
Who plan and fight and build.

The men who are not satisfied—
They are the ones who lead;
They force humanity ahead
By strident word and deed.
They bring us out of bygone ways;
They guide us through the dark
To where some man, unsatisfied,
Has set a shining mark.

The men who are not satisfied—
They gird the world with wires;
They belt the land with rails of steel
And pierce the air with spires;
They loose the leash of sweet content
With which mankind is tied.
We'll never pay the debt we owe
The men unsatisfied.

—*Baltimore American.*

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is a true friend to all suffering with coughs or colds. This reliable remedy never disappoints. It will cure a cold in one day, and costs but 25 cents.

Don't be sorry, mo'ners, we'n de sun don't shine;
Worl' is full er trouble en complainin';
But still dey is a blossom what's a growin' on de vine;
De storm is blowin' over en de weather's lookin' fine;
En de fiel's will all smell sweeter fer de rainin'!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Gold Medal at Pan-American Exposition—Dr. Siegert's Imported Angostura Bitters.

"I tell you, the man who first writes a really satisfactory play for amateur production will make a mint of money."

"What is particularly essential for such a play?"

"Why, all the feminine parts must be heroines, of course."—*Chicago Post.*

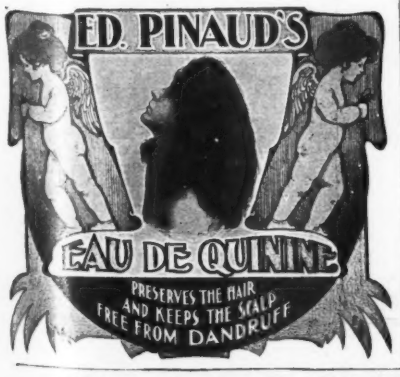
"A good dog is the best friend a man can have," remarked the tobacconist to the wooden Indian. "When you get sick he doesn't tell you what to take, and when you get well he doesn't tell you how much worse he had the same disease."—*Syracuse Herald.*

Packer's Tar Soap

is pure, mild, invigorating and antiseptic. It soothes while cleansing, and for more than a quarter of a century has been The Standard

For the Hair and Skin

The Packer Mfg. Co., 81-83 Fulton St., New York.



Mrs. Goodsole—"Why, Johnny, are you just going home, now? Your mother's been looking for you all afternoon."

Johnny—"Yes'm, I know."

Mrs. Goodsole—"Just think how worried she must be."

Johnny—"Oh, she's near the end o' her worryin'. I'm just beginnin' mine."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A good drink is better when you add Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Druggists' and grocers'.

"Were there any pretty dresses in the play?"

"Oh, yes. The poor deserted wife who had to take in sewing for a living suffered agonies in a lovely white silk gown with chiffon ruffles, and a dream of a pearl-colored plush opera cloak lined with white fur."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Mr. Clubman—"I see by the papers that a poor young man, who lost both his legs while saving the life of a beautiful heiress at a railway crossing, is to marry the girl. She dismissed all suitors and offered herself to him."

Mrs. Clubman (meaningly)—"Very sensible girl. She'll know where her husband is nights, any way."—*New York Weekly.*

Jones—"How on earth does Bluffem manage to get credit for his clothes at that swell tailor's?"

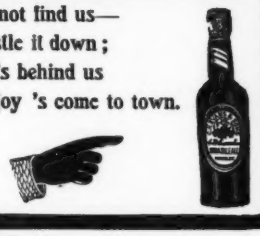
Brown—"The tailor found out that he lived at the Hotel Magnificent."

Jones—"But how does he manage to carry it off with the hotel people?"

Brown—"I suppose they judge him by his clothes."—*Tit-Bits.*

A BOTTLE of EVANS' ALE

Grief cannot find us—
Whistle it down;
Trouble 's behind us
An' joy 's come to town.



THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St.

Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

Clinton Zimmerman has just returned from a visit to Ohio, and on his journey out there he went into a little railway-station to have dinner. At the end of his order he said,

"Bring me a demitasse, also."

The waiter stared. "What's that?" he asked.

"A small cup of coffee," Mr. Zimmerman explained; "a small cup of black coffee. See that it's good coffee, please. Demitasse means half a cup."

"Aw, g'wan!" said the waiter. "I ain't a-goin' to bring you no half cup. We don't sell nothin' less than five cents here."—*New York Times.*

Magistrate—"What is your vocation — I mean what do you do for a living?"

"Ah, yessir, yessir; I understands yer now, sir. What I does for a livin' is, me wife takes in washin'."—*Baltimore Jewish Comment.*

Mr. Konseet—"I expect to be famous some day because I am industrious."

Mr. Tweedles—"So do I, but I don't base my claim on being industrious."

Mr. Konseet—"On what, then, pray?"

Mr. Tweedles—"I was born in a log-house."—*Ohio State Journal.*

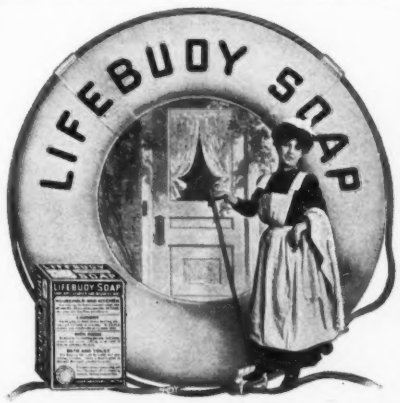
"A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY"

"We consider Lifebuoy Soap a household necessity and would not be without it." MRS. A. H. PHILLIPS, Springfield, Mass.

"THE FRIEND OF HEALTH" SENT FREE IF YOU WILL ONLY MENTION JUDGE. A MOST VALUABLE AND INTERESTING BOOKLET. SEND FOR IT NOW. POSTAL WILL DO.

Carton containing two cakes of Lifebuoy Soap sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of 10 cents, stamps or coin, if your dealer does not sell it. Address:

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
NEW YORK OFFICE: 111 FIFTH AVE.



LIFEBUOY SOAP

The gorgeous parade of the Chinese dignitaries was filing through the gates of Peking. Tsi Ann, empress dowager and general boss of the combination, left her gaudy chair to ascend the steps of a temple. On her return she observed the crowd of foreign diplomats peering at her from the top of the wall. With a sweet smile she bowed and murmured in courtly Chinese,

"Rubbernecks!"

Immediately the cable was burdened with messages stating that Tsi Ann showed marked deference to the foreigners.—*Baltimore American.*

Phrenologist—"Boy, you have a remarkable memory."

Boy—"Please, sir, write it on a slip of paper not for me to forget it."—*Fun.*

Arnold Constable & Co.

Lyons Silks.

Arnold, Constable & Co. offer of their Spring Importations Novelties in

Lyons Printed Shanghai and Foulard Silks,

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Brocaded and Printed Gazes.

White Silks and Satins for Wedding Gowns.

Novelties for Bridesmaids' Dresses.

Velvets.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.

Robbins—"I think Mack will regret it."

Wyld—"What?"

Robbins—"Having the girl's name engraved inside the engagement ring."—*Town and Country.*

"That is a fine collection of portraits of her ancestors that Miss Newrich has. Wherever did she get them?"

"At a rummage sale, I am told."—*Indianapolis News.*

The Sohmer Piano is an instrument that is an ornament to any parlor.

"You seem very cheerful in the face of defeat," said one citizen of a South American republic.

"Oh, yes," replied the other. "The governing power is sure to be deposed sooner or later, and my turn is sure to come; so I am enjoying myself on the theory that anticipation is better than realization."—*Washington Star.*

"I don't see how 'money makes the man'; do you?"

"Well, no; and I don't see how some men make their money, either."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Tommy—"Ma, can I have two pieces of pie this noon?"

Ma—"Certainly, Tommy. Cut the piece you have in two."—*Somerville (Mass.) Journal.*

"My husband," said the pale woman, "is to-day beneath the cold, cold waves."

Deeply touched, we paid one dollar and twenty-five cents for a twenty-five-cent plaster statue of Piers the plowman, which we didn't want.

"Yes," she continued when the money was safely tucked into her pocket-book, "he is firing on the new submarine torpedo-boat."

We said nothing at the time, but subsequently we had ourselves examined by a physician, in the belief that we had hydrophobia.—*Portland Oregonian.*

MORPHINE Opium habits permanently cured at home. No loss of time from business—no relapses. Free sample and book (in plain sealed envelope). Describe case. DR. PURDY, Room 4, Binz Building, Houston, Texas.

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Maryland Club

Pure Rye Whiskey

IT TASTES OLD BECAUSE IT IS OLD.

CAHN, BELT & CO.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

"War is very expensive," said one South American official.

"Very," responded the other; "our bill for typewriter supplies this month was simply enormous."—*Washington Star.*

Fair client—"They say that weeping will often win over a jury."

Lawyer—"Yes; if accompanied and sustained by the necessary proportion of good looks."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"A woman's favorite weapon is a tear," remarked the wise guy.

"Yes; even the Esquimau women are addicted to blubber," murmured the simple mug. —*Philadelphia Record.*

Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, is a compliment to the stomach. You can get nothing better.

"Anything going on this evening?"

"Yes; there's to be a performance at the athletic gardens. A fellow will undertake to subdue an automobile that has a record of having killed six men. He's to do it in one hour or forfeit a thousand dollars."—*Chicago Tribune.*

GOLD MEDAL, PAN-AMERICAN, 1901
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Catalogue free.
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THE GREAT DOUBLE TRACK SCENIC HIGHWAY
BETWEEN
NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BUFFALO.
NIAGARA FALLS, TORONTO, CHICAGO

Established 1823.
WILSON WHISKEY.
That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
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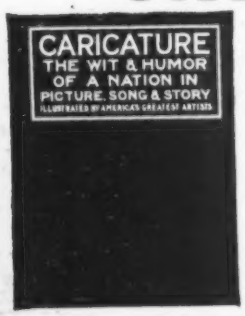
THE ONLY SOFT NAMES HE KNEW.

THE NEW SCHOOL-TEACHER FROM THE EAST—"You men out here are so rough when you make love. You know a girl likes to be called soft names."

PULLA GUNNE (*anxious to please*)—"My dear sarsaparilla, I love you! My own lemon soda, won't you be my sweet little ginger ale?"

"CARICATURE"



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A New Series of Water-Color Proofs of Drawings of the fascinating "Stanlaws Girl." The series consists of six of the newest and best examples of Stanlaws' work, beautifully printed in colors. The size of each picture, handsomely mounted, is 12 x 19 inches.

THE PRICE OF THE SMARTEST GIRL SERIES IS $3.00 PER SET

...THE STANLAWS GIRL...

THERE are winsome girls and winsome girls, but only one Stanlaws Girl; she is a girl by herself—an artistic creation. To attempt to describe or to dissect her, and give anything like a correct idea of the elusiveness of her charms, of the whimsicality of her conceits, and the pensiveness of her many poses, would be quite impossible. She is captious and coy; she is dainty and petite. She doesn't belong to the period of spinning-wheel and harpsichord, and yet she is not entirely without a suggestion of the beauty of the courtly colonial damsel. She is just what she is—the Stanlaws Girl, whose beauty changes and becomes more pronounced in every light that ripples in her diaphanous draperies. She defies analysis and beggars description as much as does the perfume of the rose, the silver of the moonbeam, or the chaste auroral zephyr whirling giddily around in a flurry of peach blossoms.

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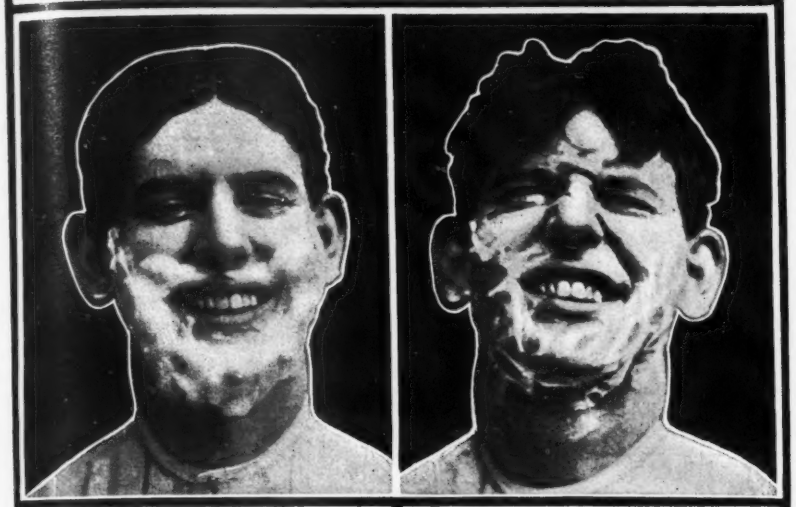


When Williams' Soap he uses
His face is full of bliss,

But when he tries the other kinds
He always looks like this.

A Not Uncommon Experience

"I have always used Williams' Shaving Soap, with the greatest satisfaction. Its thick, creamy, cooling lather has made shaving a pleasure.

"Recently I was persuaded to try another soap, which the dealer assured me was 'just as good as Williams', and a little cheaper.' I simply could not use it! The lather dried very quickly, my face itched and smarted and it was torture to shave.

"It will be a cold day when I am again induced to accept a substitute for the famous Williams' Shaving Soap."

Williams' Soaps are prepared by the only firm in the world making a **specialty** of **Shaving Soaps,** and represent the skill and experience of over 60 years devoted to the difficult problem of making a **perfect soap** for **shaving.**

Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 25c. **SWISS VIOLET SHAVING CREAM, 50c.**
GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP (Rd. or Sq.), 10c. **LUXURY SHAVING TABLET, 25c.**
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP (Barbers), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for Toilet.

LONDON. PARIS. **THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.** DRESDEN SYDNEY

If Love were always rosy
And knew no mortal ills,
And never went to pay the rent
Or stormed at grocery bills,
Then would the world go singing
And heaven would kiss the hills—
If Love were always rosy
And paid no grocery bills!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"I see the newspaper reports that our prisoner has been ransomed," said one Bulgarian brigand.

"Good," answered the other. "Send a copy around to our prisoner's quarters. It will serve to while away the tedium of captivity."
—*Washington Star.*

"That eastern cashier speculated."

"And, of course, was unsuccessful."

"Why do you jump at that conclusion?"

"Because they don't call it speculation when the cashier wins."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

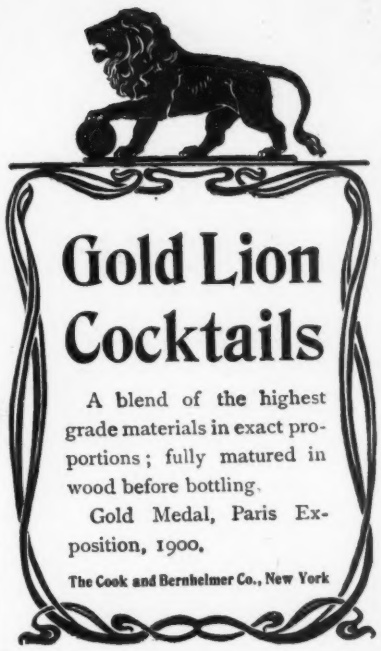
The Four Track News has suddenly developed from a folder into the regulation monthly magazine. It looks as if it has just come back from Saratoga braced up in health, weight and appetite. This magazine goes right ahead, like the Empire State express. In other words, it is full of vim and go, and, like the Empire State express, never comes to a stand-still unless it is stopped by main force. It is profusely and richly illustrated, and brimful of readable matter, both entertaining and instructive; and there are poems that breathe the very atmosphere of the New York Central landscape, and are redolent of the wild flowers that bloom along the way. It will be enjoyed by the man who travels, and the man who stays at home and reads and makes tours in his mind. But to be fully appreciated it must be seen, read and digested.

Rev. Mr Good—"My man, won't you please come to the meeting to-night?"

Chawfoot Charlie—"Look here, friend; you don't have to coax me! I wouldn't miss that meetin' between Denver Kid and th' Yaller Wonder—not for a new saddle. I wouldn't."
—*Chicago News.*

"And so you have been reading 'Plutarch's Lives'?" we said to the studious person. "What impression do you form of Plutarch?"

"It seems to me," answered the studious person with the air of one who has given great thought to a matter, "that he was the Murat Halstead of his time."—*Baltimore American.*



The poor we have always with us, but that is better than having them against us.—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE EQUITABLE
"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"

J.W. ALEXANDER, PRESIDENT — J.H. HYDE, VICE PRESIDENT

James Smith, who was at one time a well-known and substantial citizen of this county, died yesterday at the County Infirmary of diseases incident to old age.

Items such as the above can be seen in the papers almost daily. Yet many such men in their prosperous times could well have afforded an Endowment Policy, which not only protects the family if the assured dies, but also helps to provide for his own old age if he lives.

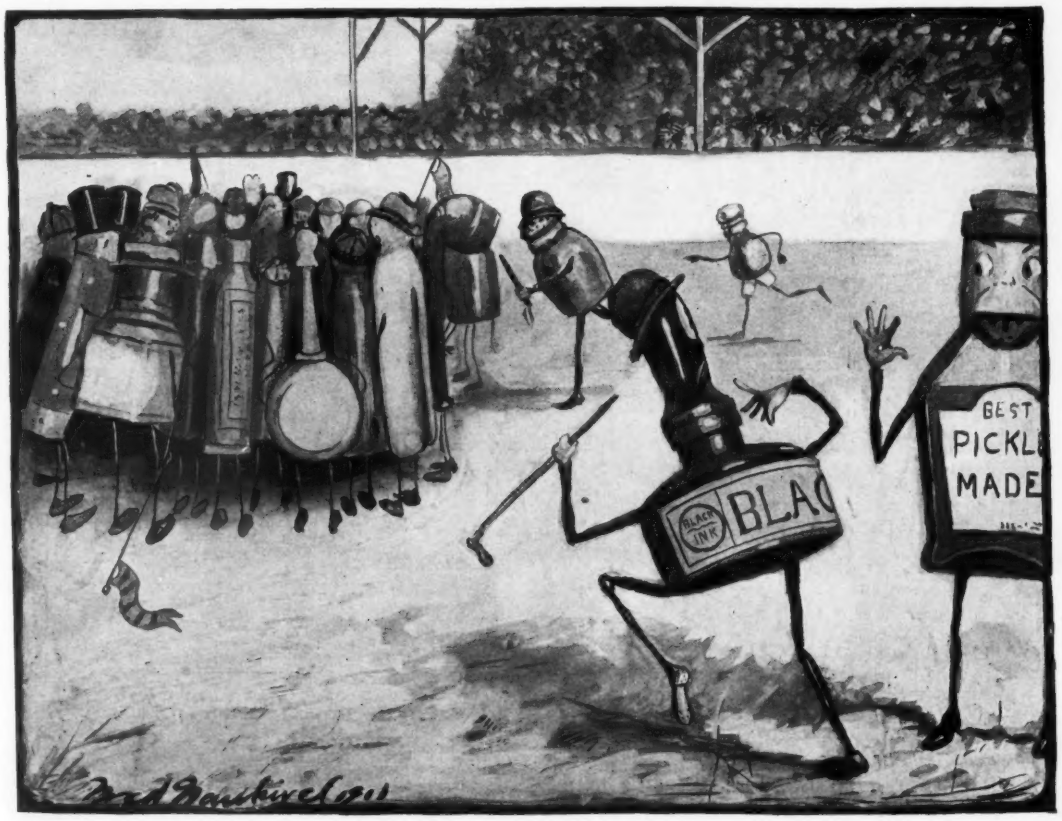
For cost of an Endowment at your age cut out and mail coupon below.

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY, Dept. 25
120 Broadway, New York.

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for $_____
if issued to a man_____years of age.

Name_____

Address_____



AT THE ATHLETIC GAMES.

MR. PICKLE BOTTLE—"What's the matter over there? Has there been an accident?"
MR. INK BOTTLE—"Yes; they were throwing the hammer and it struck the nail on the head."

LIFEBUOY SOAP

"THE LIFE-SAVER"

KEEPS THE HOME SWEET AND CLEAN AND THE BODY IN HEALTH AND FREE FROM INFECTIOUS DISEASE.

"I would not be without Lifebuoy Soap in the house. I use it everywhere throughout the household, and for thorough cleansing I have never seen anything to equal it."

MRS. E. E. HOUSTON, 49 Liberty St., Bridgeport, Conn.

HE SHIFTED TOO FAR.

DUET (*by Willie and Edith*)—"Yum-yum — tootsie-wootsie—goo-goo!"

1.

EDITH—"Papa 's coming! Move to the other end of the sofa!"

2.

!!! Tableau !!!

3.

The Twenty-five Years of Experience

in the construction of writing machines, which are behind the Remington Typewriter, mean everything to the purchaser. He knows that he is getting a reliable machine when he buys a

REMINGTON

A FIGHT TO A FINISH.

A snake caught a rabbit he happened to meet
One day when out hunting for something to eat.

But before he had Bunny quite ready to die
Another snake, hungry, came sauntering by.

"Oho!" he remarked, "I am lucky to-day,"
And went for the other without more delay.

The first snake was angry, of course, and he dropped
The rabbit as soon as the other had stopped.

The rabbit was frightened so badly that he
Just sat there and waited to see what he'd see.

The battle began in a hurry, and what
It was like in a minute might well be called hot.

A snake is a fighter, however unskilled,
And when he goes in it's to kill or be killed.

They wrestled each other, they fought and they fit,
They twirled and they twisted, they squirmed and they bit.

They hugged and they hammered—and, watching the fight,
The rabbit was moveless and speechless with fright.

They backed and they filled like ships under sail,
Each anxious to grapple the other one's tail.

At last they succeeded at one and the same
Time, and went at it to finish the game.

But scarcely by slugging, for that doesn't go
With ophidians when they can swallow a foe.

With tail-holds established, each reptile began
To swallow the other from rear-guard to van.

Absorbed in its labor, each serpent was blind
To what was occurring so closely behind;

Until in a moment they came face to face,
And then for an instant they paused in their pace.

But only an instant; then, straining their might,
They swallowed each other, which finished the fight.

And the rabbit exclaimed, as away slow he turned
From the scene of the conflict: "Well, well, I'll be derned!"

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

FATAL OVERSIGHT.

By W. D. Nesbit.

"YOU are discharged," growled the city editor to the new reporter.

"B-but why, sir?" stammered the unfortunate youth, smitten to the core at seeing his hopes of being a real journalist thus rudely dashed to the ground.

"Didn't you write this story about Miss Lizette Hyggyns going on the stage?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you fell down on it, and you can go to the cashier and get your princely salary."

"But, sir, what can be wrong with the story? Did I not say that she was beautiful, cultured, had a fondness for literature, had composed music, was an artist at the chafing-dish, and with the palette and easel also, has posed for ten series of Jibson girls, was an expert golf-player, could run an automobile, could ride a horse, had foiled a burglar in her home, had saved a train from being wrecked, spoke in eight languages and wrote in six, exclusive of the typewriter, and expected to play 'Juliet' next season?"

"Yes, that part was all right, but when it came to the crucial point you failed."

"What was that, sir?"

"In no part of the story do you say that 'Miss Hyggyns is a member of one of the leading families,' and that 'society is tingling with surprise and expectation because of her forthcoming début behind the footlights!'"

Then, indeed, the new reporter knew that the case was hopeless, for this mistake was as fatal as to forget to mention the "sea of faces" at a mass meeting.

A VALID OBJECTION.

First Harlemite—"One of the objections to three-cent fares on the elevated is that people dislike to be bothered counting out pennies and waiting for change."

Second Harlemite—"That's so. They ought to make it two for five."

GOOD CAUSE FOR DISGUST.

First Filipino husband—"I'm getting sick of this Americanizing business. I wish the Americans had let us alone."

Second Filipino husband—"I'm surprised. Why?"

First Filipino husband—"I didn't kick when my wife took to wearing more clothes and gave up betel-nut for tobacco, but I can't stand for her latest moves. She has distributed a monte deck, which it took me three days to mark, around the neighborhood for calling-cards, and she has taken all my cock-fighting gaffs for a manicure-set."

A **Great Gift.**

That's what we consider our ability to make such a machine as the

Prairie State Incubator.

The people who have used it think the same. The U. S. Department of Agriculture thinks the same. The Judges at 342 shows have thought the same. Everybody thinks so. Our new catalogue No. 122, with fifty tinted plates, four original paintings and 700 half tone illustrations, sent absolutely free. Write before they are all gone.

Prairie State Incb. Co., Homer City, Pa.

Largest Incubator and Brooder Factory in the World.

Castleton—"I envy you."

Clubberly—"What for?"

Castleton—"Didn't you say you were obliged to attend a deep philosophical discussion lasting several hours?"

Clubberly—"But I don't see that that's anything to envy me for."

Castleton—"Well, I've got to go to a society function and talk about nothing."—*Detroit Free Press.*

OIL—SMELTER—MINES

Dividend-Paying Mining, Oil and Smelter Stocks, Listed and Unlisted, Our Specialty.

DOUGLAS, LACEY & CO.

Bankers and Brokers, Fiscal Agents,

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Booklets giving our successful plan for realizing the **large interest and profits** of legitimate mining, oil and smelter investments, sub. blanks, full particulars, etc., **sent free on application.**

"Your constituents have arranged to give you a serenade." "Well," said the member of congress, who has grown irritable, "I suppose it's the consistent and proper thing to do. My constituents always seemed to derive a great deal of satisfaction from keeping me awake nights."—*Washington Star.*

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MORPHINE & DRUG HABITS cured by reliable, secret Chinese remedy used for centuries. **FREE TRIAL** sent by express to all describing kind and quantity of drug used. Confidential. Address, **CHINESE DRUG CO., 23 Pierce Blk., CHICAGO, ILL.**

She—"It's ten o'clock; there's the cuckoo clock; time to shut up."

He—"Well, why doesn't it?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

We trust **you.** Pay if **cured,** not otherwise. **Virgin Oil,** imported from **Mexico,** amber color, **natural** oil, no dye—restores **gray** hair to its **original** color—entirely destroys **dandruff.** Nature's own **restorative**—price **$5.** Address the **Virgin Oil Co.,** Los Angeles, Calif.

MYSELF CURED I will gladly inform anyone addicted to **COCAINE. MORPHINE. OPIUM OR LAUDANUM,** of a never-failing harmless Home Cure. Address **MRS. MARY J. BALDWIN, P. O. Box 1212, Chicago, Ill.**

PILES Sample treatment of Red Cross Pile and Fistula Cure and book explaining each variety of piles, sent free. REA CO., Dept. 23, Minneapolis, Minn.

BLANK BOOKS All kinds kept in stock and made to order by **FINDLER & WIBEL,** 121 Nassau Street, New York.

BLOOD POISON

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison

Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write

COOK REMEDY CO.

1440 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proofs of cures. Capital, $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. 100-page Book Free.

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

Old friend—"Was your daughter's marriage a success?"

Hostess—"Oh, a great success. She's traveling in Europe on the alimony."—*New York Weekly.*

Sue Brette—"I see they have named a cigar after your leading man."

The manager—"Well, I hope to gracious it will draw better than he does!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

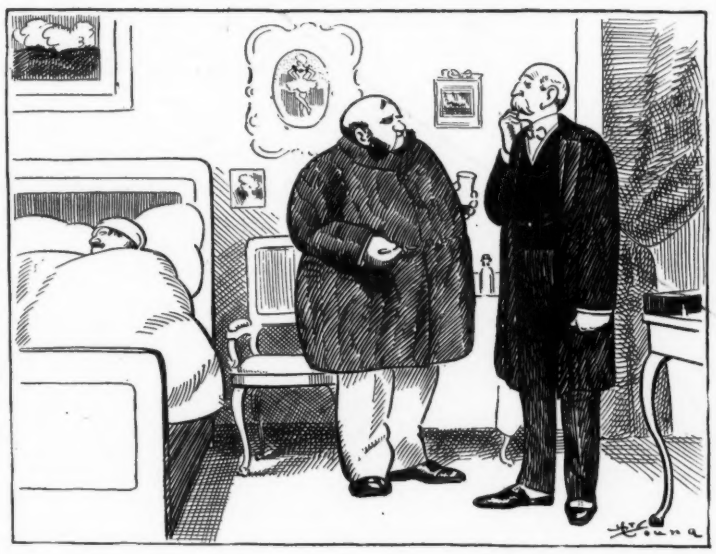
Mrs. Nobbish—"Yes; she summered at Newport, and now she's wintering in Florida."

Mrs. Peppery—"You don't say? Now, if she should decide to spring in Florida, I wonder where she'd fall."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Muggins—"I cannot grasp the idea of eternity."

Buggins—"Hasn't your wife ever called to you when you were going out that she would be ready in just a minute?"—*Philadelphia Record.*

Kalamazoo has an appendicitis club of seven hundred souls. Membership is chiefly for those who fear the ailment, and through assessment any member who catches it will have his bills paid. When the club, in accordance with custom, provides itself with a yell for use in public, appendicitis will have acquired its full dignity.—*Sun.*



COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

FATHER—"Well, what's the matter with the boy?"
DOCTOR—"Oh, just a slight attack of painter's colic."
FATHER—"H'm!—been painting the town again?"

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug., 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

One should prefer to live rich rather than die rich. Even the poorest may live rich if he carries a policy in the

PENN MUTUAL LIFE,
921-3-5 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia.

OPIUM and **Liquor Habit Cured** without inconvenience or detention from business. Write **THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. 2. Lebanon, Ohio.**

"Things never seem properly adjusted in this world," said the careless young man.

"For instance?"

"I have observed time and again that the people with the most expensive tastes almost invariably have the least money to meet them."—*Washington Star.*

WM BARKER CO. TROY, N.Y.
LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS ARE THE BEST BUY THEM.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC **Cascarets** THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe; 10, 25 and 50 cents per box. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address 433

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

You hold Good Cards when you play with

Bicycle Playing Cards

No other 25c. card is so durable and satisfactory. Sold by dealers from Greenland to Australia.

Gold Medal, Buffalo, 1901.
Grand Prix, Paris, 1900.
Highest Award, Chicago, 1893.

A 120-page Hoyle mailed for six flap ends from Bicycle boxes, or five 2-cent stamps.

The U. S. Playing Card Co., Dept. 26, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BOMOSA BEST GROWN COFFEE

BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL COFFEE GROWN. **33c.**

Requires Only TWO-THIRDS the regular quantity. Always packed in 1-lb. trade-mark red bags. Good Coffees 12c. and 15c. Good Teas 30c. and 35c. For special terms address **The Great American Tea Co.,** 31 & 33 Vesey St., New York. P. O. Box 289.

ROMEIKE'S **Press Cutting Bureau** will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched. Terms, $5.00 for 100 notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 110 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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Branch Warehouse, 20 Beekman Street, New York.
ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER.

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PRESS OF FLESS & RIDGE PRINTING CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

BEGGAR—"Kind sir, I have nothing to live for."
POET—"No? Well, would you mind going in there and submitting this poem for me, then?"

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Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Ptg. Co. New York.

BEFORE THEY DROPPED OUT OF THE GAME.

MR. JOHNSON (*a beginner*)—"Yo' say four ob a kind is de mos' a feller kin hab?"
MR. JACKSON (*a "shark"*)—"Er—yes. Dat is, in his hand."